

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 14.—NO. 37.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 707.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO,
BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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for communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to BENJAMIN S. JONES, Editor.

Orders for the paper and letters containing money in payment for the same, should be addressed to ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio.

Money carefully enveloped and directed as may be sent by mail at our risk.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be in general in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth. We hope that they will either subscribe them or wear their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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J. HUDSON, Printer.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

NO CHURCH FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVERY.

In "A Tract for the Times" by the Rev. Henry C. Cheever, the writer says—

Christians at the South that have fallen into the great Southern avarice on the subject of slavery, do not believe that Christians at the North, really hold them to be cherishing a great sin and wrong in principle and practice. They know that an agonizing and active ministry, whom they call seditious and fanatical, think so. But they are satisfied as yet that a large preponderance of the said, conservative Christianity of the North, are on their side. Their deceiving oracles teach them so—the *Journal of Commerce* their Law—the *New York Observer* their Gospel. And they naturally refer to the late action of the Tract Society, and to the *Anti-Slavery Society* of the churches on churches, who are still *reverting* to remember

them that are in bonds as bound with them. Any way, God the Almighty will destroy slavery, and we, his ministers and people, will not wield the battle-axe of his word against it, we had better stand from under.

IN A FIX.

The *Cleveland Leader*, in giving an account of the empanelling of a Jury in Langston's case, says—

But the hero of the occasion was the harridan Mrs. Brownell, who having been for some time visible in the Clerk's desk was finally summoned to fill the place of a challenged juror. He entered the seats with a firm tread like unto that with which a long exiled quadruped approximates to a pack-mule of caged food. He was first asked if he had any conscientious scruples, to which he replied in a firm voice that he was troubled with many a scruple. The prosecution being satisfied Mr. Barker took him in hand and blandly asked him if he had formed any opinion as to the guilt of the defendant. He replied that he should deem his duty to judge according to the evidence.

Mr. Barker—"that is not my question. Have you formed any opinion as to the defendant's guilt?"

"I have no means of knowing, as yet." Mr. Brownell I want a categorical answer—Have you, or have you not formed an opinion?"

"I want to say that I have the same impression as to his guilt that I should have of any man who had been indicted. I should naturally conclude that he was guilty."

"Then you have formed an opinion?"

"Now sir have you formed and expressed an opinion as to the guilt of the defendant Bushnell in this case?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Did you not say that verdict was right and they all ought to be convicted?"

"Let me say—"

"Stop, I want a direct answer—did you or did you not?"

"Now have you not been helping to fill this jury?"

"Why—how do you mean?"

"Have you not been there in the Clerk's desk behind the Marshall, pointing out to him who would be good men to sit on the jury?"

"No, that's absurd."

"Very true, but have you not done it?"

"I have not—done any—more than—so—answer questions."

"Did you help him by answering questions?"

"I suppose he knew me enough."

"Give me a direct answer, Mr. Brownell. Did you help him by answering questions?"

"I did."

"Now sir, did you tell him who to summon?"

"Why you see—"

"I do not wish to see. Did you tell him who to appoint?"

"Well, I told him the names of some men in the room."

"I thought so. Now did you not tell him to put some of these men because they were good Democrats?"

B. Bushnell had been getting uneasy under this fire and now his face, like a leather ball, began to rapidly turn red. His boots, doubtless, hurt him, for he twisted like a school boy at his first appearance upon a public stage. He had been warning and remonstrating, and the Council for the

prosecution had repeatedly appealed to the Court for an interruption of this close questioning, but without avail. The juror who had turned witness, answered with reluctance.

"Perhaps I named some Democrats. The Marshall is a stranger here."

"Very well. Now do you say you have formed an opinion in this case?"

"I—may—have—an-impression."

"Have you an opinion?"

"I—have no facts to judge by."

"Tell me have you an opinion or belief?"

"I may have an idea that—"

"Have you a belief?"

"I have no knowledge of—"

"Have you a belief?"

"I can't tell yet. I've an impression."

The Court—"Answer the question, Mr. Brownell."

"Perhaps I have."

After any quantity more of this close, pointed questioning, on the part of Mr. Barker and of mincing, turing, twisting and equivocating on the part of B. B. that worthy was exonerated, having made no statement by his miserable champing, evasive style of answering plain, common sense questions. We imagine he will give Mr. Barker a wide berth hereafter to avoid being made the laughing stock of a Court room.

IT DON'T WORK WELL.

[Read the following extract from the *N. Y. Times*, and say whether it be not a plain, common-sense view of the master.]

"If the South is not governed by the dictates of common sense and common prudence, it will take some means or other after its fashion—whether by committee of the citizens, or commercial conventions, it matters not—to prevent slaves coming North after fugitive slaves, and creating such a tumult as is now agitating Philadelphia *opposite* 'Paradise.' It would be most unwise of a wise and orderly nation to prosecute their rights or their 'property' than these attempts to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. Whether that law be unconstitutional or unconstitutional, moral or immoral, does not affect the question. The object for which it was passed, is of surely more importance to the South than the law itself. They want above all things to secure themselves against loss by the escape of their negroes, and as long as this can be attained, we presume few of the planters care a strum whether the law is ever enforced or not. Now, every time a slave catches a *North* and *seizes* a fugitive slave, one

everybody near the scene of the capture—he makes converts by the hundreds to the ranks of the Abolitionists, and works thousands up to the determination that no such thing shall ever occur again in their neighborhood. Moreover, the upstart to which the affair gives rise is heard far and wide through the Slave States, and furnishes the strongest argument for flight to any negro who has either the desire or the ability to run away from his master. Nothing can encourage an intending fugitive more than the knowledge that sympathy and succor await him at the end of his journey, and in no way can this knowledge be conveyed to him so surely as by the riot, tumult and fierce debates which occur in all the Free States whenever an attempt is made to capture a runaway, so that every slave is taught and re-taught *infatigably* not only renders the law more difficult of execution in the future, but increases the temptation of other slaves to bolt.

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Mr. Belden said they would be the first to be compelled. Mr. Spaulding said he was ready, and said Belden to bring on his thousand men with their bayonets, (referring to Belden's threat that he would, at any time, produce a thousand armed men to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law).

Mr. Eddie, having thoroughly rallied the arguments of Judge Bliss for the prosecution, gave way to Judge Spaulding, who spoke two hours and a half on Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday left on Saturday afternoon, and on Thursday was speaking, when my appointments called me away.

He is a man of great experience in the practice of the Courts, of extensive reading in the law and the history of our government, and at the head of the Cleveland bar in age and ability; his opinions and positions assume more weight in that community than that of the District Court, the Supreme Court and all the Federal Courts and Administrations combined, and whatever he chose to say or do before the Court, was done with impunity, though some of his sayings would, in other mouths, I think, have subjected the speaker to sentence for contempt of Court.

He commenced by arguing with great strength and earnestness the "Higher Law" doctrine, and in reply to Judge Bliss' title smacked at the citizens of Oberlin as being "Higher Law men" with peculiar "political proclivities," "harbored of fugitive slaves," "opposed to the execution of the laws of the United States," etc., etc., he said that he had no idea that Oberlin was to be subjected to difficulties and disciplines from the rest of mankind.

They were higher law men, he was very glad of it, he was himself; all men ought to be, and he hoped that the whole community and the whole world was infected with it. Men might sneer at the Higher Law, but they could not wipe it out or drown it; all must recognize it, or be crushed by it. Napoleon the Great, when about to march his imperial army of half a million into Russia, being told that "man proposed while God disposed," strongly repudiated the higher law by saying "I propose and I dispose"; but when, a few months after, he had with a remnant of that great army, and was now exiled to an island of the Mediterranean, he found that a power greater than he, a high and wise being, had disposed of him. Thomas Jefferson recited the Higher Law when he said "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that her [sic] justice cannot sleep forever." The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with his oppressors.

Upon examination it will be seen that the first four sections relate to the judicial authorities empowered to act under the law.

The fifth section prescribes the duty of Marshalls and their deputies, and empowers them, when necessary, "to summon and call to their aid the bystanders, or the posse comitatus of the county," and "commands all good citizens to aid and assist in its prompt and efficient execution," and if they refuse, it is at their peril.

Section sixth specifies who may arrest the fugitive, and states what proof is necessary to secure his return.

The seventh section declares what penalties shall be visited upon any person "who shall knowingly or willingly obstruct, hinder, or prevent such arrest," who "shall rescue, or attempt to rescue such fugitive," or "shall aid, abet, or assist such fugitive directly or indirectly to escape," or "shall harbor or conceal him so as to prevent his discovery or arrest, after notice or knowledge that such person was a fugitive from service or labor." It affirms the proper penalty for such a crime to be a fine of not over \$1000, and imprisonment of not over six months; and in addition to this, declares a forfeiture of \$1000 to the claimant by the Federal Government, and is executed by it, this last, if not the blackest of Ohio Black Laws, is a greater outrage—greater indignity. It is a foul blow struck by the ruling hand of our own household.

It ill becomes the people of Ohio to talk about invoking State authority to protect them against Federal authority. Should Ohio resist the fines, and by some means prevent their collection, and usurp the prison doors of the rescuers of John, the freed prisoners would have to walk with the utmost circumspection, for should their sense of duty prompt them to say to the man they had saved from slavery, "John, you have as good a right to vote in Ohio as if your skin was white, and we advise you to do it at the next election," the property which had been protected against the grasp of Federal officials, would be seized by State authority, and the doors of the prison be reopened for the admission of men who had dared to violate the Black Law of the State, and so far forget what was due the authority of the State government, as to advise a colored man to vote.

Shame! Shame!

MISS WATKINS

Lectured in our town upon Friday evening of last week, on the wrongs and oppressions of her race. The weather was very inclement, and many of our citizens had other engagements on that evening, yet the house was well filled, showing that the impression she produced during her visit here last fall, was of the most favorable kind. She possesses rare gifts and much cultivation, those who hear her once, go again gladly; and they who sneeringly speak of the inferiority of the negro, may get from her some new ideas as to the capacity of the class with which she is identified.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Sec.

WIDOW'S RIGHTS

The ninth Anniversary of the National Woman's Rights Association will be held in MONROE HALL, Broadway, New York, on Thursday evening, May 12th, at 7 o'clock.

A meeting for business and general discussion will be held at 24 p. m. of same day at same place.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCE.

Rev. STEPHEN SMITH, No. 822 South Street, below Ninth, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wm. W. DODGE, Mr. JACOB C. WHITE, Mr. THOMAS J. DODGE, Mr. W. W. WHIPPLE, April 2-ly. \$24d.

S P R I N G O F 1859.

J. & L. SCHILLING

Are now in receipt of their

FIRST LARGE STOCK OF

SPRING & SUMMER

G O O D S !

Amongst which may be found the GREATEST BAROQUE ever offered in Eastern Ohio. Our Stock comprises a Large and Varied Assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!!

Black and Fancy Dress Silks, Paris Style Bonnets, Embroideries, New Spring Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons, a General Stock of Novelties, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Carpets, Men's and Boys' Wear, a Heavy Stock of Staple Dry Goods, Quenckware, Wall and Window Paper, GROCERIES, &c., &c.

We deem it unnecessary to further enumerate, but will add that our Stock, in all its various branches, is full, and at prices defying either home or foreign competition. Thankful for past favors, and

feeling as

sured

that our

New Stock will open

up to your entire satisfaction, we solicit an early call.

Yours, Respectfully,

J. & L. SCHILLING.

Dear Friends, Salem, O., April 9, 1859.

MRS. CHURCH,

Botanic Medicine,

HIGH STREET, SALEM, OHIO.

DANIEL WALTON,

DEALER IN

WARE, CLOTHING,

BIRD CAGES, TOYS, &c., &c.

South side Main street, opposite J. Weston's store.

Geo. W. Manly,

AMBROTYPE AND

DAUGUERREIAN ARTIST

SCHILLING'S BLOCK,

Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, June 22, 1859.

The undersigned, having secured the services of

Mr. Cooley as caterer, will carry on the Catering business at the old stand, and now exhibit a choice

of the public patronage.

J. HOLLOWAY.

A. COUSE.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

SHADOWS, THEN SUNSHINE.

"Work, work, work!" I repeated the word to myself with bitterness, as I leaned out from the window to catch the sweet breezes of the morning as they swept up from the green meadow lands, cool and delicious. Lines of misty, golden light were slanting down from the hill-tops, making amber paths across the green, dewy fields, and amber ladders from one tree-top to another, through all the wide expanse of woods that my eye could reach. Under the window, roses and lilacs blossomed—the roses tossing their red and white, and the lilacs their cloudy purple clusters, backward and forward, meeting as if to exchange kisses, and mingle in one sweet breath their united fragrances.

"But what were the sunlight, the trees, the dewy fields and flowers to me? I might not go out freely among them; my feet could not press the green grass of the fields; I might not wander where the breezes made anthems through the trees; my hands might not pluck the simplest flower which bent forward to meet their weary outstretching—I must work, for labor was the only gift for me whether I made it a pleasure or a curse; it was the only alternative. And so with tears in my eyes which the sun-light mockingly bridged across with golden bars, I seated myself in my daily task—There was a great well of bitterness within my heart, which, with the rigorous will, I could hardly keep from overflowing—a passionionate upheaving of my deep, womanly nature, which in vain I tried to press backward into the quiet channel it had always known. In vain, for it surged up to catch the light and the shadows, which, even in my blithest moments, I shut my heart against. It was a strange time to me; can you comprehend it, reader? A time when I desired everything for fear that was the sweet foundation of a hope.

"Work, work, work!" I said again, pressing my fingers close upon my eyes, and letting fall the garment on which I had been sewing. "I wish I might die!" My tears fell thick and fast. I wished I might weep my life away.

"Nelly—Nelly, dear, you will weep so long that there will be a dull heavy griseness upon everything. Look up, I have something to say to you."

Before the words fell upon my ear, I recognized a presence near me, a soul that mine leaped up in great waves of joy to meet. Words were not wanted to insure me of the presence of Charles Howard's eyes at those words, such as I had never seen there before; yet his voice was calm as he said aloud to her: "Very well," and then whispered to me, "I'll take care of you, darling; do not fear."

Half an hour later, as I was pacing to and fro across my chamber, Letitia Langdon came to me, her beautiful features darkened by frowns. I did not tremble at her anger, but stood up silently and proudly before her, waiting for her to commence the merciless tirade which she had in readiness for me.

"Come here, Letitia, and let me look at you while you are blushing," was the reply given with a light laugh.

"Well, yes, anything," said she. "Only let this girl be sent to her room. This is no place for girl."

"A quick, fiery anger shone in Charles Howard's eyes at those words, such as I had never seen there before; yet his voice was calm as he said aloud to her: "Very well," and then whispered to me, "I'll take care of you, darling; do not fear."

"Nothing here, sir," he said at last, rising to his feet and facing Mr. Langdon.

"There is no other," books Letitia, pointing to a writing desk that stood upon the table.

Again the man of law commenced his duty, with a smile of hope lighting up his features. He held to the wondering company a short gold chain, which had been the gift of my mother's before she died; then a plain gold ring, which bore the initials "C. H. A." A murmur of displeasure went round the circle at the discovery of the ring, and before it died away, the officer turned out of a small box three sovereigns.

"My money! my money!" screamed Letitia. "It is exactly the number extracted from my purse!"

"What have you to say now, Miss?" asked Mr. Langdon, coming up to me and laying his thin hand upon my arm.

"That Miss Letitia Langdon placed the money there herself, sir," I answered slowly and distinctly.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Officer?" called the ex-exasperated old man. "Take her away, into the street, or the jail, anywhere! I won't have her in my house another moment, sir! The jail is the place for the thieving creature!"

"No, no, father, don't say that; don't be too harsh!" cried Letitia. "It is my affair; allow me to settle it with her. I know you will, father."

"You are too kind, too forgiving," said the old man, placing his hand fondly on the head of his child. "The jail is the place for her, Letitia."

"But do not think of that; she is young, remember, and is without friends. The jail is against me; let me deal with her. Go away, all of you, and leave us together."

Slowly Mr. Langdon yielded to his daughter's wishes, and preceded the household to the door.

"You can choose, Nelly," began Letitia, when we were left alone, "between two alternatives: you can go to jail or leave the place at once. Choose between the two, you must quickly. If you wish to stand a trial, and make your sin a public one, very well. If you wish to avoid it, I will assist you to leave town immediately. Which will you do?"

I dropped my head upon my trembling hands to cover my face from her malignant, exultant gaze. Should I stay to bring shame upon the noble head of Charles Howard—a disgrace that would never leave him? Should I drag him down into my misery? Never!

"I will go at once," I answered, rising.

"Very well," said Letitia. "I will order a conveyance myself in time for the train, and send some one to assist you in packing your trunk."

In less than half an hour I was at the station, awaiting half impatiently, for the train in which I was to go. It came at last, and with a feeling of mingled relief and despair, I made my way through the crowd toward the carriage pointed out to me. As I stepped one foot upon the platform, some one grasped me firmly by the arm. I looked around and met the wondering, puzzled gaze of Charles Howard.

"Where in the world are you going, Nelly?" he asked, drawing me back through the crowd.

"Home!" I said, faintly, as I leaned back heavily upon his arm.

"You are mistaken in the direction," said he. "Home is this way, dear, very near you," he added, motioning a coachman toward him.

"Drive me to Chestnut Hill," said he to the driver, as he lifted me into the coach.

I looked at him with wonder and surprise. It seemed like a dream to me.

"I'll tell you, Nelly, we are going home," said he. "That is our destination. I have procured a marriage license, and am come back earlier than I intended, because I felt sure you were in trouble. What have they been doing to you?"

In broken sentences I told him the story of my persecutions.

"Never mind, never mind," he said; "I will take care of you in the future. But first I wish to have a better right to protect you. Everything is prepared for your reception in your new home, and we will be married at once, Nelly; as there will be no room for scandal. Heaven forbid that I should add to your suffering by my thoughtlessness."

I must have been a sorry-faced bride to look upon, but my heart was as true and glad as need be. The following morning Mr. Howard sent a note to Miss Langdon, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Charles Howard presents his compliments to Miss Letitia Langdon, and begs that she will not forbear prosecuting her suit against his wife since she did not leave town yesterday as agreed upon. He hopes also that Miss Langdon will not allow any modest or conscientious scruples to deter her from her duty, even though in doing this is forced to the painful necessity of taking Mrs. Howard from her pleasant home to the jail."

This all happened years ago, in a time of shadow; I have now the sunshine.

Washington Irving was visited on the 2d inst. his 75th birthday, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with honors and congratulations.

"Well, what of that?" he asked, holding me at arm's length from him, as though I had been the poorest child, and looking half sternly, half reproachfully in my face. "I am weary of pride, people say! I look for the love of your heart, woman—heart—a heart that has been kept pure and free from the corroding dusts of the world. Give, give me a home there, Nelly! If there is a residence on either side, it is on yours. You are true and pure than I am. Do not interrupt me. If you were not, your life could not flow on so calmly, so gently. I am a better man when near you, darling."

"Oh, how like a bewildering, beautiful dream, his words made everything to me! How rapidly and interestingly the assurance of his love went through the waiting chambers of my soul! I forgot everything; hardness, privations, insults, sorrow and despair, as for one little moment the dream weary head to his breast, telling me that henceforth and forever it should be my shelter, resting-place and shield.

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke through my golden joy the quick, musical laugh of Letitia Langdon. "Really, this is interesting! How lucky for me that I took a break to rise early this morning! This beautiful, pathetic tableau, free of expense! Ha, ha, ha! Shall I summon spectators, Mr. Howard and I?"

"Just as you please, Miss Langdon," was the cool, carelessly given reply, as he drew me back to my seat. "Perhaps your enjoyment will be increased, however, if you have the added pleasure of knowing that it is unshared by any one else!"

"Really, Charles, this is a little beneath me!" she replied, in a consoling tone. "Don't, I beg of you, trifl with this poor, unpolished creature any longer. Of course, it is perfectly excusable, for gentlemen have a right to seek amusement as they choose; but this girl, this servant of mine, really, she makes me blush that I am a woman."

"Come here, Letitia, and let me look at you while you are blushing," was the reply given with a light laugh.

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